

Creedence Clearwater Revival "Graveyard Train"

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On the highway, thirty people lost their lives
On the highway, thirty people lost their lives
Well, I had some words to holler and my Rosie took a
ride

In the moonlight, see the greyhound rollin' on
In the moonlight, see the greyhound rollin' on
Flyin' through the crossroads, Rosie ran into the hound

For the graveyard, thirty boxes made of bone
For the graveyard, thirty boxes made of bone
Oh Mister Undertaker, yeah, take this coffin from my
home

In the midnight, hear me cryin' out her name
In the midnight, hear me cryin' out her name
I'm standin' on the railroad, waitin' for the graveyard
train

On the highway, thirty people turned to stone
On the highway, thirty people turned to stone
Oh, take me to the station, 'cause I'm number thirty one

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